

To an <sup>a</sup> ~~more~~ Cogitate past thirty.

Parcius junctas quatunt fenestras

Horac. Book 1. Ode 25

Alas! ~~Alas~~ <sup>Alas</sup> Julia—  
no more, at each party & ball,  
you shine the gay queen of the hour;  
The lip, that alluringly smiled upon all,  
Finds none to acknowledge its power:  
No longer the hearts of the Dandies you break,  
No Poet adores you in numbers;  
No Billets-doux sweeten, nor serenades break  
The peaceful repose of your slumbers

Disappointment has clouded those eloquent eyes  
That sparkled like gems of the Ocean;  
Thy bosom is fair - but its billowing rise  
Awakens no kindred commotion:  
And pale are those rubies of rapture, where love  
Had shower'd his sweetest of blisses;  
And the wrinkles which time has implanted above  
Are cover'd in vain with false tresses.



The Autumn is on thee - fell scandal preying  
To hasten the wane of thy glory;  
Too soon disappointment will hang thee down flung  
And old Maiden hood send the sad story:  
For me - long escap'd from your <sup>Julia</sup> ~~harm~~ <sup>harm</sup> I choose  
To enlist in the new Corps of jokers;  
Abandoning <sup>Julia</sup> ~~me~~, I kneel to the muse,  
And, instead of love ditties, write Croakers.

C.